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M. W. BALFE.

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Prithee tell me, gentle air,
Why my heart is full of care,
And why no pleasures charm me;
It is not love torments me so,
I scorn the wily urchin's bow,
His arrows cannot harm me.

I try to sing—my voice is sad,
I sleep—but then 'tis just as bad,
Such gloomy things I dream on.
Can you not tell? nor you? nor you?
Oh then, I know not what to do
To charm away the demon.

I sometimes think, if "*I know who*"
Were here—he'd tell me what to do
To bid the demon slumber;
Could I but hear his voice again,
I'm *sure* 'twould cheer my heart, but then—
I'm not in love, remember.

QUICK ARISE, MAIDEN MINE."

Composed by

J. DESSAUER,

The English version by JOHN OXFORD, Esq. Price 2s.

Quick arise, maiden mine,
Make not thyself too fine,
Let thine eyes brightly shine
Like any star.

Tra la la, &c.

Quick arise, maiden dear,
Blue is the sky and clear,
Goats o'er the mountains peer,
See them afar.

Tra la la, &c.

Quick arise, maiden mine,
Brighter than sunbeams shine,
Sparkling with joy divine,
Thy glances are.

Tra la la, &c.

"MY MARY."

Composed by

M. ENDERSOHN.

Poetry by JOHN ELLISON. Price 2s.

On the blue deep
Silver beams sleep,
My bark glides as swift as a bird o'er the sea,
And in the calm light,
So holy and bright,
Mary, my Mary, I'm thinking of thee.

From our dear home
Away on the foam,
My visions as far as an angel's can be,
And oft thy dear form,
I see mid the storm,
Mary, my Mary, while thinking of thee.

"OH, TAKE ME TO THY HEART AGAIN."

Composed by

M. W. BALFE.

Poetry by JESSICA RANKIN. Price 2s.

Oh, take me to thy heart again!
I never more will grieve thee,
All joys are fled, and hope is dead,
If I indeed must leave thee.

Forgive the wild and angry words
This wayward heart hath spoken,
I did not dream those cherished chords,
So lightly could be broken.

I think how very sad and lone
This life would be without thee,
For all thy joys this heart has known
Are closely twined about thee.

Oh, teach me to subdue the pride
That wounded thee so blindly,
And be once more the gentle guide,
Who smiled on me so kindly.

"WEEDS AND FLOWERS."

Composed by

Dr. JAMES PECH.

Poetry by MRS. ALFRED V. NEWTON. Price 2s. 6d.

One moonlight night
An elfin sprite
A slight adventure wanted,
So his way he took
To a shady brook
Which he knew by Love was haunted.

And as he went,
He shook his wings
And from them fell in showers
Bright coloured things of every hue,
But some were weeds, some flowers.

A youth and maid
The fairy said
Oft roam this path together;
Her face is bright
With summer light,
But his like winter weather.
Her hand I know
Will outstretched be
To cull the flowers right gladly;
But mingled weeds the youth will see,
And turn him from them sadly
Chasing away the maiden's glee,
By whispering to her sadly.

The maid and youth
Come there in sooth
And marked the scattered treasure;
The maid, in her hair,
Wore a chaplet rare,
But unshared was her guileless pleasure.
On walked the youth
With scornful tread,
When a warning voice floated above them,
Life, like the fairy-strewn path, it is said
Hath flowers for all who cull them.

"Go sit by the summer sea," by EDWIN G. MONK	s. d.	"Thou art so near and yet so far," by A. REICHAERT	s. d.
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MISS ARABELLA GODDARD AT BOULOGNE.

(From a Correspondent.)

BOULOGNE.

I WAS unable to attend the last Philharmonic Concert, but the account rendered of that ceremonial by the *Impartial de Boulogne-sur-Mer* will serve just as well as anything from my pen. "It was a memorable *soirée*, that of Tuesday"—says M. A. de Hautefeuille, the accomplished *feuilletoniste* attached to that paper. "What could be invented, what combined, to surpass the union of three such names as Arabella Goddard, Servais, and Faure?"

"Miss Arabella Goddard, as we said last week, is Thalberg at 20, under the features of a fair and graceful daughter of Albion, accomplishing with enchanting simplicity marvels of execution—but lately an infant prodigy playing when six years old (like Mozart), before a company of kings, now a great artist, *commensale ordinaire et privilégiée de la cour de l'une des plus puissantes nations du globe* (you must translate that for yourself)—unwonted fortune, which eminent talent, and musical genius in its most attractive and poetical personification, nevertheless, amply justifies. But in poetry alone is vested the power of addressing worthily so much talent united to so much grace and beauty, and we are happy to be able to accompany our prose by some charming verses with which the union of so many perfections has inspired a man of taste, an amiable poet—M. Janin, the zealous secretary to the Philharmonic Society:—

"Si les arts ont des Rois, ils ont aussi leur Reine :
Thalberg est souverain, vous êtes souveraine,
Arabella Goddard! oui, quand vos blanches mains
Font sortir du clavier des accents surhumains,
D'angéliques accords, des torrents d'harmonie;
Lorsque, réunissant la grâce et le génie,
Vous atteignez au sublime de l'art,
Vous êtes Reine, Arabella Goddard."

In a previous article on another concert, the same critic apostrophises, in two separate paragraphs, the eminent French violinist M. Sainton, and the unequalled pianist who confers so much distinction on the musical fame of Great Britain (no longer "*perfidus Albion*" when she sends her ancient foe such charming proofs of amity, such hostages for future good behaviour). If England invades France, France will keep Arabella Goddard—to get back whom England would make peace at any price. (You see I can match M. Hautefeuille on his own territory). This time, however, I must let the *feuilletoniste* of *L'Impartial* speak for himself, in that polished language of which he is the greatest master at Boulogne-sur-Mer:—

SAINTON.

"Puis, un violoniste d'un ordre supérieur, M. Sainton, exécutant estimé et recherché dans les réunions de l'aristocratie Anglaise, talent consommé, archet puissant et sonore, qui se plaît aux difficultés, les élève à plaisir pour les surmonter avec la plus naturelle aisance; bref, un violoniste à qui il ne manque que la consécration du public parisien pour avoir un nom à l'égal des plus renommés."

ARABELLA GODDARD.

"C'était surtout, c'était enfin la virtuose aimée, applaudie du monde officiel de Londres, de la souveraine qui réside à Buckingham Palace et de toute sa cour;—c'était Miss Arabella Goddard, une Jenny Lind pianiste pour le succès et la vogue, une Thalberg pour le talent. Douée d'une organisation privilégiée, telle qu'on la rencontre dans les grands artistes, les Paganini, les Chopin, Liszt ou Thalberg, Miss Arabella Goddard, sans effort, sans apprêt, accomplit sur le clavier de véritables merveilles d'exécution. Ses doigts, rapides comme l'éclair, semblent ne pas toucher l'ivoire sonore, et cependant il s'en détache les plus suaves accents que jamais ait produit cet instrument si impitoyable sous des mains inhabiles. Sous ces doigts enchantés les notes jaillissent et retombent, innombrables comme les gouttes d'eau de la cascade, éclatantes et pures comme une pluie de perles dans une coupe d'or. C'est vraiment là du génie, c'est à dire ce quelque chose qu'on n'apprend pas et qu'on ne peut définir, c'est l'inspiration.

"Ne serait-ce pas une superfétation ridicule que d'ajouter mainte-

nant que les braves les plus enthousiastes ont accueilli tant de talent et de bonheur, que c'était fête complète pour les auditeurs comme pour les exécutants."

We have had another concert at the Bains, but I have heard no very favourable account of it. I shall here conclude.

Boulogne-sur-Mer, September 3.

CINQTOURS.

MUSIC AND THE DRAMA IN LIVERPOOL.

(From our own Correspondent.)

WE had quite a feast of music last week after our long fast. On Tuesday, Mr. Hime, whose tact and activity in providing for our musical pleasures is worthy of high eulogy, gave a concert at St. George's Hall, at which Miss Arabella Goddard and Miss Louisa Vinning were the "stars." There was a large and fashionable audience, and never even in London did our most charming pianiste create so great and decided a sensation of mingled surprise and delight. She played Thalberg's "Home, sweet home" and Wallace's "Robin Adair" so brilliantly and expressively that both were encored with rapturous applause—one of Mendelssohn's *Lieder ohne worte* being substituted for the latter. Miss Louisa Vinning, who is a great and deserved favourite here, sang admirably and was loudly applauded.—On Saturday week, the Misses Pyne and Mr. Harrison, with their new basso, Mr. Patey, appeared at Reynolds' "People's Concerts" at St. George's Hall—the only novelties worthy of special mention being the first introduction to the Liverpool public of some of the airs from Flotow's *Martha*—the tenor air and the "spinning quartett" being encored.—A portion of the Lumley opera troupe, with Piccolomini and Giuglini as the "stars," appeared at the Theatre Royal on the Tuesday and Wednesday evenings in *Trovatore* and *La Zingara* with immense success. On Thursday week, *La Traviata* was given; and on Wednesday following (the last performance), *La Figlia*, with Signor Belart as Tonio. As these operas are too well known to need special mention, it will suffice to say that the houses have been densely crowded by very enthusiastic audiences.

Liverpool, September 2, 1858.

J. H. N.

BOULOGNE-SUR-MER. — (From a Correspondent.)—The third grand concert given by M. Bourgois, at the Etablissement des Bains, took place on Thursday week. The artists were M^{me}. Viguier, M^{lle}. André, M. Viguier, M. Guilman, and Herr Oberthür. The rooms were fashionably attended, and every one spoke in praise of the liberality of M. Bourgois in providing so many excellent artists at his concerts. M^{lle}. André, who it is reported is *en route* for Vienna to replace M^{lle}. Tijens at the theatre, is an *artiste* of considerable talent. She sang the grand aria from *Der Freischütz* (*wie nahe wir der schlummer*), "Quand je quitterai ma Normandie" (*Robert le Diable*), and the grand air from *Oberon*, with great spirit, and was liberally rewarded by the applause of the audience. M^{lle}. Viguier (a clever pianist, a pupil of Prudent), played a *rondo* by Weber, an *air varié* by Handel, and Prudent's popular *morceau* "Les bois" (*Chasse*). Her husband, M. Viguier, played several pieces on the tenor, and in conjunction with M^{me}. Viguier a "fragment" from a sonata by Mayseder. Herr Oberthür made a highly favourable impression by his performance on the harp. His duet for piano and harp (with M. Guilman) was received with great applause, and his *fantasia* for harp solo on *Martha*, in which the charming melody "Qui sola vergin rosa" is introduced, created quite a "sensation." Herr Oberthür also played a *sérénade* by Parish Alvars and an *étude* of his own composition, in which he was enthusiastically encored. M. Guilman accompanied the vocal music, and the concert gave great satisfaction. The only drawback was the absence from the programme of Herr Reichardt's name. The subscribers have so identified this gentleman with the *établissement réunions* (which owe so much of their popularity to his judgment in selecting the artists) that, whenever he does not sing, a feeling of regret is universally felt. We hope, however, to hear him at the next concert.

VIENNA.—Herr Richard Wagner's *Lohengrin* was produced at the theatre of the Court on the 19th of August. The local journals are loud in praise of the magnificence of the dresses and *mise-en-scène*, but are almost silent as regards the music.

HENRI HEINE ABOUT MUSIC AND MUSICIANS.

(Translated for *Dwight's Journal*.)

PARIS, APRIL 25, 1854.

THE transition from the lion to the rabbit is somewhat abrupt. Yet I must not pass unnoticed those tamer piano-players who have figured here this season. We cannot all be great prophets, and there must be also minor prophets, of whom twelve make a dozen. As the greatest among the little ones we name here Theodor Doehler. His playing is neat, fine, pretty, delicate in feeling, and he has a quite peculiar manner of stretching out his hand in a horizontal level and striking the keys only with the curved tips of the fingers. After Doehler, Hallé deserves special mention among the minor prophets; he is a Habakkuk of as modest as true merit. I cannot avoid here also mentioning Her Schad, who, among piano-players, takes perhaps the rank which we assign to Jonas among the prophets. May no whale swallow him!

As a conscientious reporter, who has to give account not only of new operas and concerts, but also of all other catastrophes of the musical world, I must speak also of the many marriages that have broken out, or threaten to break out therein. I speak of real life-long, highly respectable marriages, not of the wild dilettante wedlock which dispenses with the mayor in his tricoloured scarf and with the blessing of the church. *Chacun* seeks now his *Chacune*. The messieurs artists dance along on suitors' feet, and warble hymeneals. The violin enters into matrimonial alliance with the flute; the horn music will not be left out. One of the three most famous pianists* married recently the daughter of in all respects the greatest bassist† of the Italian Opera. The lady is beautiful, graceful, and intelligent. A few days since we learned that still another distinguished pianist from Warsaw had entered the holy state of wedlock; that he, too, had ventured out upon that deep sea for which no compass has ever yet been invented. Go on, bold sailor; push from shore. May no storm break thy rudder! And now the report goes, that the greatest violinist whom Breslau has sent to Paris, is on the point of marrying here; that this expert of the fiddle also has got tired of his quiet bachelorship, and means to try the fearful, unknown other side. We live in a heroic period. Just now another famous virtuoso has become engaged. Like Theseus, he has found a charming Ariadne, who will lead him through the labyrinth of this life; she will be at no loss for a clew of yarn, since she is a sempstress.

The violinists are in America, and we have had the most edifying accounts of the triumphal processions of Ole Bull, the Lafayette of the puff, the *reclame* hero of two worlds. The manager of his successes had him arrested in Philadelphia, to compel him to pay the costs of his ovations. The hero paid, and no one can now say that the blond Norman, the genial fiddler, owes anybody for his fame. Here in Paris, meanwhile, we have heard Sivori. Portia would say: "God made him, and therefore let him pass for a man." Another time, perhaps, I will overcome my disinclination to report upon this fiddling emetic. Alexander Batta, too, has given a fine concert this year; he still weeps out his little child-tears on the great violoncello. On this occasion I might also praise Herr Semmelman; he needs it.

Ernst was here. He is more fond of playing only at friends' houses. This artist is loved and esteemed here. He deserves it. He is the true successor of Paganini; he has inherited the magic violin, wherewith the Genoese knew how to move stones, nay, even blockheads. Paganini, who with a like stroke of his bow now led us to the sunniest heights, now let us look down into awful depths, possessed, to be sure, a far more demoniacal power; but his lights and shadows were at times too glaring, the contrasts too sharp, and his most grandiose sounds of nature often had to be considered as mistakes in art. Ernst is more harmonious, and the soft tints predominate with him. Yet he has a partiality for the fantastical, and even for the gro-

tesque, if not indeed the scurrilous; and many of his compositions remind me always of the legend-comedies of Gozzi, of the most adventurous masquerades of the "Venetian Carnival." The piece of music which is known by this name, and which was seized upon in the most shameless way by Sivori, is a most charming *capriccio* of Ernst. This lover of the fantastical can also, if he will, be purely poetical, and I have lately heard a nocturne by him, which was, as it were, dissolved in beauty. One fancied himself transported to Italian moonlight, with still cypress alleys, shimmering white statues, and the dreamy plashing of fountains. Ernst has, as is well known, taken his dismissal at Hanover, and is no longer royal Hanoverian concert-master. That was no fit place for him. He were far more suited to conduct chamber music at the court of some fairy queen, as, for example, that of Lady Morgane. Here he would find an audience that would understand him best, and among them many high and mighty personages, who are as appreciative of art as they are fabulous; for instance, King Arthur, Dietrich of Bern, Ozier the Dane, &c. And what ladies would applaud him here! The blonde *Hannoveriennes* may certainly be pretty, but they are mere heath-sheep in comparison with a fairy Melior, with the Lady Abonde, with Queen Genoveva, the fair Melusina, and other famous lady personages, abiding at the court of Queen Morgane in Avaluu. At this court (and no other) we hope some day to meet the admirable artist, for we, too, have the promise of an advantageous situation there.

May 1.

The Academie-Royale-de-Musique, the so-called Grand-Opéra, is found in the Rue Lepelletier, about in the middle, and exactly opposite the restaurant of Paolo Broggi. Broggi is the name of an Italian, who was once Rossini's cook. When the latter came, last year, to Paris, he visited the *trattoria* of his former servant, and after he had dined there, he stood a long time before the door, in deep reflection, gazing at the great opera building. A tear came into his eye, and when some one asked him why he seemed affected with such sadness, the great master answered, that "Paolo had served up for him his favourite dish of old times, *ravioli*, with Parmesan cheese, but that he was not in a condition to consume one half the portion, and even that oppressed him now. He, who had once possessed the stomach of an ostrich, could scarcely bear as much as a love-sick turtle-dove!"

We do not undertake to say how far the old wag mystified his indiscreet inquirer. Let it suffice to-day, that we advise every friend of music to go and eat a mess of *ravioli* at Broggi's, and then, lingering a moment before the door of the restaurant, contemplate the building of the Grand-Opéra. It is not distinguished by any brilliant luxury; it has rather the exterior of a very respectable stable, and the roof is flat. On this roof stand eight large statues, which represent the muses. The ninth is wanting, and ah! that ninth is just the muse of music. We hear the strangest explanations of the absence of this very estimable Muse. Prosaic people say, a tempestuous wind has hurled it from the roof. Minds more poetic, on the other hand, maintain that the poor Polyhymnia threw herself down, in a fit of desperation at the miserable singing of Monsieur Duprez. That is quite possible; the broken, glassy voice of Duprez has grown so discordant, that no mortal, certainly no Muse, can bear to hear it. If it goes on at this rate, all the other daughters of Mnemosyne will fling themselves down from the roof, and it will soon be dangerous passing in the evening through the Rue Lepelletier. Of the bad music which for some time has prevailed in the Grand-Opéra, I will not speak. Donizetti still remains the best, the Achilles. You may imagine, therefore, what the smaller heroes are. As I hear, too, this Achilles has retired to his tent; he is out of humour, God knows why! and he has informed the Direction that he will not furnish the five-and-twenty promised operas, since he feels disposed to rest. What twaddle! If a windmill were to say the same, we should not laugh more. Either it has wind and turns, or it has no wind and stands still. But Donizetti has an active backer here, Signor Accursi, who always raises wind for him.

The newest artistic enjoyment which the Academy of Music has given us is the *Lazarone* of Halévy. This work had a

* Thalberg.

† Lablache.

mournful fate; it fell through with drums and cymbals. As to its worth, I refrain from all expression; I merely confirm the report of its terrible end.

Every time that an opera falls through, or a remarkable *fiasco* is made in the Academy of Music, or at the Buffo Theatre, you will remark there a mysterious, meagre figure, with pale countenance and coal-black hair—a sort of male gypsy granny, whose appearance always indicates a musical disaster. The Italians, as soon as they see him, hastily stretch out the fore and middle finger, and say, That's the *Jettatore*. But the light-minded Frenchmen, who never have a superstition, merely shrug their shoulders and call that figure Monsieur Spontini. It is, in fact, our former general-director of the Berlin Grand Opera, the composer of *La Vestale* and *Fernando Cortez*, two splendid works, which will long keep fresh in the memory of men, and will long be admired, while the composer himself atones for all the admiration, and is nothing but a faded ghost that enviously haunts the world, and frets itself about the life of the living. He can find nothing to console him for the fact that he is long since dead, and that the sceptre of his power has passed into the hands of Meyerbeer.

There has been no lack of *débütantes* at the Grand-Opéra this winter. A German made his *début* as Marcel, in *Les Huguenots*. In Germany, perhaps, he was only a big clown, with a *brumming* beer voice, and thought therefore he might appear as basso here in Paris. The fellow screams like a wild ass. Also a lady, whom I suspect to be a German, has produced herself upon the boards of the Rue Lepelletier. She is supposed to be extraordinarily virtuous, and sings very false. They do say that not only her song, but everything about her—her hair, two thirds of her teeth, &c., are all false; that there is nothing genuine but her breath, and that compels the frivolous French to keep at a respectful distance. Our *prima donna*, Madlle. Stoltz, will not be able to sustain herself much longer; the ground is undermined, and although, as a woman, she has all the cunning of her sex at her command, she will be overcome at last by the great Giacomo Machiavelli, who would like to see Viardot Garcia engaged in her place, to sing the chief rôle in the *Prophète*. Madame Stoltz foresees her fate; she feels that even the partiality which the director of the Opéra devotes to her cannot help her in the least if the great master of the tone-art plays his cards; and she has resolved, of her own free will, to leave Paris, never to return, and end her life in foreign lands. "*Ingratia patria*," said she recently, "*ne ossa quidem mea habebis*." In fact, for some time she has actually consisted of mere skin and bones.

At the Italiens, in the Opera-Buffo, there have been quite as brilliant *fiascos*, the past winter, as in the Grand-Opéra. There, too, there was much complaint about the singers, with this difference—that the Italians often would not sing, and the poor French song-heroes could not sing. Only that precious pair of nightingales, Signor Mario and Signora Grisi, were always punctually at their post in the Salle Ventadour, and trilled forth the most blooming spring, while, outside, all was snow and wind, forte-piano concerts, and Chamber of Deputies debates, and polka madness. Yes, these are charming nightingales, and the Italian Opera is the everlasting singing wood, to which I often flee when wintry gloom beclouds me, as the frosts of life become intolerable. There, in the sweet corner of some covered box, one is again warmed up most agreeably, and does not at least grow bloodless in the cold. There the melodious enchantment turns to poetry what was but now coarse reality; pain loses itself in flowery arabesques, and soon smiles the heart again. What rapture, when Mario sings, and in the eyes of Grisi the tones of the beloved songster mirror themselves as if it were a visible echo! What delight, when Grisi sings, and in her voice the tender look and blissful smile of Mario are melodiously echoed! It is a lovely pair, and the Persian poet, who has called the nightingale the rose among birds, and the rose again, the nightingale among flowers, would here find himself in a quandy, for both of this pair, Mario and Grisi, are distinguished equally for beauty and for song.

Unwillingly, in spite of that charming pair, do we miss here at the Buffos, Pauline Viardot, or as we prefer to call her, the

Garcia. Her place is not supplied, and no one can supply it. This is no nightingale that merely has a *genre* talent, and sobs and trills so exquisitely of spring; nor is she a rose, either, for she is ugly, but a sort of ugliness which is noble, I might almost say beautiful, and which frequently excited the great lion-painter, Lacroix, to enthusiasm! In fact, the Garcia suggests less the civilised beauty and tamed grace of our European home, than the terrible splendour of an exotic wilderness; and in many moments of her passionate delivery, especially when she opens her great mouth, with its dazzling white teeth, too wide, and smiles so grimly sweet and gracefully grinning, then one feels as if the most monstrous kinds of vegetation and of animals of Hindostan or Africa must spring into being; one looks to see gigantic palms, all overhung with thousand-flowered lianas, shoot up; and one would not wonder, if suddenly a leopard, or a giraffe, or a herd of young elephants, should run across the scene. We hear, with great satisfaction, that this singer is again on her way to Paris.

KINGSTON (CANADA).—Mr. and Mrs. Charles Mathews have been filling the City Hall with fashionable and critical audiences. The principal pieces have been *Two can play at that Game*, the screen scene from *The School for Scandal*, and *Cool as a Cucumber*. In the two first Mrs. Charles Mathews delighted the audience by her versatility. Her Mrs. Moore was a beautiful piece of acting, and her Lady Teazle exhibited the talent that has deservedly placed her at the head of her profession in the United States. Mr. Charles Mathews is unique in his line. Light comedy is the most difficult branch of dramatic art, but Mr. Mathews acts so naturally that it appears the easiest. The most difficult thing in art is to disguise art, and, certainly, this London celebrity conceals his most wonderfully. After the conclusion of their engagement here, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Mathews will "rusticate" at the seaside for a week or two, and then return to England. Since Mr. Charles Mathews arrived at New York in the summer of last year, he has performed two hundred and forty-six times, and has travelled sixteen thousand miles.—*British Whig*, August 1st, 1858.

ACTION AGAINST THE DIRECTOR OF A THEATRE.—An Italian composer, named Berrettoni, on Tuesday brought an action before the Paris Tribunal of Commerce against M. Calzadò, director of the Italian theatre, under these circumstances:—He stated that in September, 1857, they signed an agreement to the effect that he (Berrettoni) should, in a fortnight, remit to M. Calzadò an opera made up of *morceaux* taken from the various works of Rossini, entitled the *Curioso Accidente*, with a libretto, and that Calzadò should pay him 800 francs on delivery, and 500 the day after the first performance. The opera was duly delivered and 800 francs paid. It was put in rehearsal, but never produced; and the plaintiff had consequently not received the remuneration to which he was entitled, and had besides been prevented from having the opera represented in foreign and provincial theatres. He therefore claimed 10,000 francs damages, and that M. Calzadò should be made to bring out the opera before the 1st of December next, under pain of 200 francs fine for each day's delay. In support of his action, he produced a certificate from Rossini that the opera in question was, with the exception of one cavatina, by him. M. Calzadò contended that he had incurred no liability to the plaintiff, inasmuch as no period had been fixed for the production of the opera, and he prayed that the agreement should be declared null and void. The tribunal decided that there was no reason for declaring the agreement void; but that, no period being fixed for the production of the opera, the plaintiff was not entitled to damages. It, nevertheless, ordered that the opera should be brought out by Calzadò before the 31st of December, 1859.

SPA.—The festival of the 19th of August brought together an unusual number of celebrities, among whom M.M. Moscheles, Sivori, Tamberlik, Litolf, may be noted as principals. Herr Litolf carried off the lion's share of the laurels. The orchestra, under his direction, executed his *Chant du Guelfes*, the *Girondins*, *Maximilien Robespierre*, and his first concerto for orchestra and piano. The Society of "Les Amis Réunis de Liège" sang several choruses and part-songs with great effect.

ROSSINI.

(From the German of E. M. Oettinger.)

BY JOHN C. SCHERFF.

THREE months after this joyous feast, in April of the year 1816, Signor Barbaja was awakened one night out of his bear-like sleep, to hear the dreadful news that his theatre* was enveloped in flames. The fire, which spread very rapidly, transformed in fourteen hours one of the grandest edifices in Naples into a heap of ashes.

King Ferdinand took the loss of this theatre more to heart than he did formerly the loss of one half of his kingdom.† Barbaja recovered his equanimity much sooner.

"Sire," said he to the extremely good-natured monarch, "I permit your Majesty to call me a scoundrel, if in nine months the San Carlo is not rebuilt in a grander and more complete style. If your Majesty should be short of funds, I am willing, though a poor man, to advance for the present the sum of two hundred thousand scudi to the Crown, that no time may be lost in forwarding the erection of the new building."

"We accept them," said the King, who, as a Bourbon, was accustomed to accept graciously every sacrifice of his subjects.

Fortunate the prince who has such servants!

"Barbaja would allow himself to be beaten to death for your Majesty."

"That is handsome and brave of you," said the king, tapping his servant kindly on his shoulders. "But tell me, good friend, do you still believe that it was set fire to?"

"Sire, I swear it!"

"And what villain do you think has played us this trick?"

"Nobody else but Tacconi."

"I hear this name to-day for the first time. Who is this man?"

"A fugitive from Genoa, who for some time has been roving about in the states of your Majesty, who appears now here and then there, having one name to-day and another to-morrow, and contriving everywhere some mischief."

"And what does my police know about it?"

"Sire, I myself have denounced the rascal—"

"And my police—my police?"

"Has either been too lazy or too stupid to seize him whilst he was in Naples. A short time ago he was in Palermo, and at present he is in Malta."

"How can he, then, have set fire to the theatre in Naples?"

"Your Majesty must be aware that every scoundrel has his assistants. This Tacconi appears to me to be the head of a carbonari band, which is dispersed throughout Italy."

"And from whom have you heard that he is now in Malta?"

"He himself has written to that effect."

"To whom?"

"To Colbrand, whom he is persecuting with his declarations of love. And therefore it is my sincere belief that he, and no other, is the man who caused the theatre to be burned down."

"You are, it seems to me, somewhat jealous of this fellow. But this very day I will give the strictest orders to my minister of the police to use his best endeavours to seize the miscreant."

"Do that, Sire, but I beg and adjure you not to forget it; for your Majesty has a very good heart, but also a very bad memory."

"Barbaja!" threatened the king.

"Your Majesty need not get into a passion all at once. You must not forget, Sire, that nobody in Naples is more truly and faithfully devoted to his King than old Barbaja. I just now said your Majesty had a bad memory. I will prove to you that it is true. How often, Sire, have you not given me to understand that I should have one of your orders? Such a little cross or star costs your Majesty a few scudi, which my services have certainly merited long ago."

"Procure the incendiary Tacconi for us, then you shall have such a thing, as true as my name is Ferdinand, and as I love you,

* The San Carlo Theatre, built by Charles III., in 1740, was already once burnt down in 1763, but had been rebuilt.

† King Ferdinand, driven from the capital of his kingdom, by the French, lived for nine years in Sicily.

because you are a faithful, honest fellow," said the monarch, shaking the impresario by the hand. "Now go with God, old friend, and see that we do not miss our San Carlo too long."

All the members of the theatre were discharged, Colbrand alone remaining in Naples. Rossini, accompanied by his faithful pupil, Elieboro, followed an advantageous invitation to Rome, there to write a new opera, *Torvaldo e Doriska*, for the Teatro Vallo.

The splendid success of this opera induced the Impresario of the Argentea Theatre to spare no effort to persuade the maestro, who had become a great favourite in Rome, to write a new work for his house.

"Have you a good libretto?" asked Rossini.

"Ten, if you like; but I am sorry to say that our over-anxious Governor returns all libretti which are laid before him under the pretence that they contain allusions which might prove dangerous for the peace of the State."

"The old masters had reason to be satisfied; for they had a Metastasio* a da Ponte,† and a Casti.‡ At the present time we have not a single good writer of opera-libretti. Have you not any old, harmless libretto?"

"I certainly have one; but I apprehend you will not like it."

"You mean—"

"The *Barbiere di Siviglia*."

"But Paisiello has already composed that."

"And for this very reason I think it would not be a bad speculation if you would take hold of the subject yourself. Italy would then have an opportunity to make a comparison between then and now; and I, for my part, am satisfied that just such a comparison would turn out in your favour."

"Do you believe so?" asked the maestro, who felt not a little flattered by this expression.

"I am so certain of your success that I propose a wager to you—"

"A wager?"

"That your *Barber* will dismount that of Signor Paisiello."

"In four weeks you shall have an answer from me," said Rossini, and dismissed the impresario, who was very well satisfied with himself.

On the same day Rossini wrote to old Paisiello, who, since 1804, when he had left Paris with the Cross of the Legion of Honour, and a pension of four thousand francs, resided in Naples, as Director of the Conservatory. The old master, who thought a good deal of himself and his music, and who was by no means delighted at the increasing fame of his young rival, still possessed tact and prudence enough not to show his weak side to the eyes of the world; he replied with a great show of politeness, that he could only approve in every respect the selection of the subject, and that he was firmly persuaded that Rossini's bright genius would win new charms from the old text, on account of which he could only congratulate in advance him and all the stages of

* Pietro Bonaventura Trapassi, called *Metastasio* (who was born in Assisi, on January 3rd, 1698, and died in Vienna, April 12th, 1782,) had already in his fourteenth year written an opera-libretto, *Il Giustino*. In 1724 was his first opera, *Didone Abandonnata*, with music by Domenico Sarro, produced in Naples. Besides the above, he has also written *Artaxerxes*, *Attilio*, *Regolo*, *Temistocle*, *La Clemenza di Tito*, *Alessandro nell' India*, and many other operas, which, collected in ten volumes, were published in Paris, 1755, and dedicated to the Marquise de Pompadour.

† Lorenzo da Ponte (who was born in Anoda, 1794, and died in New York, 1836,) wrote for Salieri the *Danaides*, and many other operas; for Martini, the *Tree of Diana*; and for Mozart, *Don Juan* and *Figaro's Wedding*.

‡ Giambattista Casti (who was born in Montefiascon, 1721, and died in Paris, 7th February, 1803,) was, after Metastasio's death, created Court-Poet by the Emperor, Joseph II., and wrote *La Grotta di Trofonio*, and *Il Re Teodoro in Venezia*, for Paisiello. As a curiosity, we ought to mention that a third comic opera, for which we are indebted to the poet of the "*animali parlanti*," is named *Catilina*. The hero of this tragico-comic subject is old Cicero, who, amongst other things, sings an aria buffa, which contains a very comic parody of his celebrated speech, "*Quo usque tandem, Catilina, abutere patientia nostra?*"

Italy, which might anticipate a new master-work. Rossini, delighted and intoxicated with the laudations of the old master, began his new opera with fresh courage.

Nobody in all Italy was more anxious about the success of this new opera than the Knight Paisiello. He said to himself, "If his Barber pleases, then mine will be lost; does he not please, as I expect, then the descending star of my fame will flame forth with new splendour, and eclipse the new star."

But the old artist did not live long enough to see this question decided. Giovanni Paisiello died on the 5th of June, 1816;* and only three months after his death was Rossini's *Barber* performed for the first time, at the Theatre Argentina. Signora Giorgi sang the part of Rosina, Garcia that of the Count Almaviva, Zamboni that of Figaro, and Boticelli that of the Doctor Bartolo. In respect to the opera itself, which must be well known to every one of our readers, we will add only a few lines. The *Barber of Seville* is, according to the best judges, one of the finest leaves in the laurel-wreath of the "Orpheus of Pesaro," whom a German poet surnames the "Helios of Italy." The whole opera resembles a thousand-coloured Bengali-bird, which has bathed its glittering feathers in the smiling aurora and the pearly morning dew; every note is a pearl of dew, trembling on a rose-leaf. The whole score seems to be written during an inspiration produced by champagne; every number, every measure, of this opera, bubbles and rises in pearls—foams and boils like rose-coloured Ciel de Perdrix. One sips down this music like a bottle of Cliquot, and feels himself so intoxicated with the sharp gas of precious melodies and the pearly foam of their rhythm, that one might throw himself heels over neck into the sea of voluptuous sounds, to dabble about like a gold-fish in these sunny, blissful, crystal-clear waves, which, resounding and singing, caressing and murmuring, glide past us. If Rossini had never written anything else than this *Barber of Seville*, this one opera would be sufficient to secure him one of the first places amongst the greatest composers of all times.

And nevertheless this charming music met only with a partial success during the first performances. The public was divided into two great parties—Paisiellonians and Rossiniani—which, as centuries ago, like Neri and Bianchi, or Guelphs and Ghibellins, were opposed to each other as deadly enemies. Paisiello's enemies praised Rossini up to the seventh heaven, whilst Rossini's adversaries did the same with the dead Paisiello. At that time the old and new music of Italy entered a conflict for life and death, which was only afterwards decided in Paris, and procured the living the victory over the dead. Paisiello reposed on the bosom of mother earth, and Rossini stood in the zenith of his fame, the beams of which, like the sun, traversed the whole world.

About this time Rossini wrote to Signora Colbrand, with whom he had entered into a secret correspondence.

"I wish my fair friend could now be at Rome, in order to witness my new triumphs. My Barber makes more friends from day to day, and knows how to insinuate himself into the favour of even the most bitter enemies of the new school, so that they learn to love him more and more, even against their own wishes. Almaviva's serenade is heard every night in all the streets; Figaro's great aria, 'Largo il Factotum,' is the great favourite of all basso singers, and Rosina's cavatina, 'Una voce poco fa,' the evening song with which every beauty retires, to wake up in the morning with the words: 'Lindoro mio sarà, (Yes, Lindoro will be mine!) But more than my new opera, my dear angelique, will interest you—a new salad, which I have invented a short time ago, to the great delight of all gourmards. I hasten to lay the receipt before you: Take a bowl, put into it Provence oil, English mustard, French vinegar, a little lemon-juice, pepper and salt, mix all the ingredients as well as you can, and then flavour them with truffles, cut into small pieces. The latter gives the salad a nimbus which charms every gourmand into the greatest admiration. The Cardinal-Secretary of State, whose acquaintance I made a short time ago,

gave me his Apostolic Benediction for this discovery of mine. But to return to the Barber: in the second act, which, to speak candidly, is weaker than the first, the following pieces meet with much favour: the duetto between the Count, in the disguise of a singing-teacher, and Doctor Bartolo; 'Pace e Gioia,' the aria of the old guardian 'Quando mi sei vicina'; and the finale of the terzetto between Rosina, Almaviva, and Figaro, 'Zitti, zitti, piano, piano.' The least pleasing is the quintetto, in which the fever-sick Basilio goes off and returns again. I myself must acknowledge that Paisiello's is much more simple and graceful than mine. Do not neglect, my dear angelique—the sooner the better—to convince yourself respecting the delicacy of my new salad. I am delighted to hear that you, my dear Colbrand, have taken the bride of our young friend under the wings of your protection. Master Sneeze-wort is well, and progresses so rapidly that you will be surprised. Taken all together, I amuse myself here tolerably well, but am almost in despair because we have very few, or scarcely any good oysters. When you, in divine Naples, luxuriate in fresh oysters, do sometimes think of me.

"P.S.—I almost forgot the most important thing: I have commenced a new opera, and hope to bring it with me to Naples. Until then, do not forget altogether, your

"G. ROSSINI."

In the beginning of January, 1819, the writer of the above letter returned to Naples, covered with glory, and loaded with gold.

HALIFAX.—A firm of pianoforte makers, carrying on their business, not on the most extensive scale, in Horton-street, under the name of Messrs. Hartley and Kitchen, on Wednesday last, brought their troubles before a jury in the Halifax County Court. The jury was composed of Messrs. T. H. Garlick, J. Stott, J. Hudson, J. Fox, and T. Newsome. It seemed that at the early part of last month, August, they agreed to dissolve partnership. The pianofortes in the workshop were sold to Messrs. Pohlman, music-dealers, of Halifax. Three pianofortes belonging to the firm were exhibited for sale in the shop of Mr. Lockwood, watchmaker and jeweller, Crown-street. A fourth instrument was out on hire at the Fleeces Inn. Hartley is a relative of Lockwood, and he pretended to have sold him the four pianos for £50, half of that sum being paid in money and the other in watches. Hartley having obtained these started off to the Isle of Man, Liverpool, Huddersfield, and lived "rather fast." Some doubts existed as to whether the transaction with Lockwood was honest. An action was brought against Lockwood for the value of the pianos, and the jury believing it not to have been a *bonâ fide* transaction, called upon Lockwood to pay the sum of £40 in respect of the instruments.—*Leeds Intelligencer*.

BADEN-BADEN.—A grand concert was given here on the 29th of August, for the benefit of the Hospitals of the town, under the direction of Hector Berlioz. The orchestra was selected from the talent of Baden, Carlsruhe and Strasbourg. Among the noticeable pieces was the symphony with chorus of M. Berlioz, entitled *Romeo et Juliette*—or, more properly, the four first parts of the symphony—and the overture to *Euryanthe*. Herr Litolf performed, with the orchestra, the *allegro*, *adagio* and *scherzo* of his fourth *Symphonic Concertante*. Vivier executed some new *morceaux* on the horn with irresistible effect; and Mad. Charton-Demeur added largely to the attractions by her singing. In the favourite air from the *Domino Noir*, and the beautiful song from the *Nozze di Figaro*, "Deh vieni, non tardar," more especially, she was overwhelmed with plaudits.

ST. PETERSBURGH.—The following is a list of the company of the Italian Opera for the forthcoming season:—sopranos—Mesdames Bosio, Lotti della Santa, Bernardi, and Dottini; tenors—Sigs. Tamberlik, Mongini, Calzolari, and Alessandro Bettini; barytones—Signors Ronconi, Debassini and Everardi; *bassi profondi*—Signors Marini and Polonini. Madame Ferraris will be *première danseuse*. Among the new operas to be produced are mentioned *La Juive*, by M. Halévy, and *Simon Boccanegra* by Signor Verdi.

* He was born in Tarent, May 9th, 1741.

ROYAL PRINCESS'S THEATRE.
UNDER THE MANAGEMENT OF MR. CHARLES KEAN.
MR. CHARLES KEAN'S FAREWELL SEASON,
as MANAGER of the ROYAL PRINCESS'S THEATRE, will commence on Saturday, the 2nd October next, and conclude on Saturday the 30th July.

GREAT NATIONAL STANDARD THEATRE,
SHOREDITCH.—Proprietor, Mr. JOHN DOUGLASS.
Last five nights of the eminent tragedians Mr. James Anderson and Miss Elsworth. They will appear during the week in *CORIOLANUS*, *MACBETH*, *OTHELLO*, &c. Opening night of Mr. Sims Reeves' Engagement, who will positively appear on Saturday next, September 18. The whole of the Band of the Princess's Theatre, conducted by Mr. Isaacson. Double Chorus, and every effect of scenery, costume, &c. The Theatre entirely re-decorated. A new grand centre chandelier, by Messrs. Defries and Son. The new and splendid Parisian saloon for upper and lower boxes, with its superb fittings, in itself worth a visit, will be completed for this all important occasion.

THE MUSICAL WORLD.

LONDON, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 11TH, 1858.

MISS LOUISA PYNE and Mr. W. Harrison have displayed sound judgment and good taste in denominating their new undertaking at Drury Lane simply "English Opera." With the company brought together under their joint management it would hardly have been politic to have prefixed the title of "National." As several of our most accomplished singers have been excluded from, or, more properly, have not been included in, the *troupe*, the appropriation of the latter term would not have redounded to their credit. "English opera" is a general designation, which challenges no scrutiny, and consequently, as far as regards nomenclature, the managers have forestalled animadversion. Merely as an English Operatic Company, therefore, we are to consider the new speculation at Drury Lane. The prospectus has been issued, the names of the principal artists and band supplied, the chorus indicated, and the acts, views, and intentions of the management set forth in full.

The band is unexceptionable; the efficiency of the chorus is guaranteed by being selected from the Royal Italian Opera *corps*; while the name of Mr. Alfred Mellon, as conductor and musical director, gives strength and dignity to the enterprise. In the prospectus, however, we are startled by the declaration that "Miss Louisa Pyne and Mr. W. Harrison have spared no exertions to obtain the very highest available English talent; and they confidently trust that the result of their endeavours will enable them to present every opera with a completeness and excellence in all respects worthy of a national undertaking." Now, the very highest available talent in England must be centered in the persons of Miss Louisa Pyne and Mr. W. Harrison, since, besides themselves, we fail to discover a single name of any note in the list of the company—although every artist is dubbed "celebrated" in the prospectus—a stretch of the imaginative worthy of Bunn himself. This, to say the least of it, is not complimentary to native talent, while the merest tyro in musical matters must perceive at a glance that the "very highest available talent" is far from being secured. Under the circumstances, it would have been as well to have made no allusion to "excellence in all respects worthy of a national undertaking." In addition to being altogether chimerical, it spoils the modesty of the title.

"The ambition of the present management," we further learn, "is to establish English Opera upon a firm and permanent basis," and Miss Louisa Pyne and Mr. W. Harrison flatter themselves that the foundation is laid. Much has been effected, certainly, towards achieving so

desirable a result, but much, we maintain, has yet to be done before an English lyric theatre can be established. What would be said, we may ask, if an operatic theatre were started on the Continent, arrogating to itself the title of "National," and setting out with pretensions to a sure and permanent foundation, which could boast of one tenor and one *prima donna* only in the company? The answer is inevitable; and yet, beyond the names of Miss Louisa Pyne and Mr. W. Harrison, we vainly search in the Drury Lane *troupe* for a first soprano or a first tenor. Miss Louisa Pyne and Mr. W. Harrison, we need hardly say, are both excellent artists and great favourites of the public; but they cannot sing every night in every opera with impunity, and should one be taken ill the performances must be discontinued. It is a good thing to make provision for a rainy day, and, however sound and vigorous the constitution of a singer may be, he cannot for that reason claim immunity from casualty or complaint. Although Mr. W. Harrison is as strong, salubrious, and as capable of endurance as an Orkney boatman, a petty piece of orange peel in Russell-street, or an underdone cut of salmon, with or without cucumbers, may incontinently lay him supine on his couch or four-poster, to say nothing of fogs, and east winds, and infections, and colds, and catarrhs, and the villainous lumbago, foe to thin loins. Nor, by'r Lady, are ladies more exempt from disaster and disease than the rougher sex: nay, if less exposed to out-of-door mishaps, they are more subject to skyey influences and their thousand ailments, whereunto the slender texture and circumscribed limits of their apparel largely minister. So that even Miss Louisa Pyne, whom the doctors hate for her invariable robust health, and to whom Fortune has always proved such a kind godmother, may fall down before the rheumatism or a sprained ankle. Miss Louisa Pyne and Mr. W. Harrison cannot be all in all in their company, and it behoves them in time to look out for "doubles," as they call them, who may fill their places at need.

The performances commence on Monday with *The Rose of Castille*, "the highly flattering run of which," we are assured, "was only interrupted by the termination of the season." Not to speak irreverently of Mr. Balfe's new opera, we dread a second inundation of this "prosperity." In the palmy days of the Bunn dynasty at Drury Lane—where, for reasons best known to manager and music-publisher, a run of some 100 nights was wont to be achieved for the smallest success—we were ever among the most strenuous opponents of a system which hoodwinked the public and served to militate against the best interests of art. Let Miss Louisa Pyne and Mr. Harrison set their faces against such dubious trafficking. To force an opera upon the public, however successful at first, can only result in general distaste, and can only serve to benefit the publishers, those millionaires of music, who feed fat on the brains of others, and whose interests compel them to care little or nothing whatsoever for art.

Martha—proclaimed in the prospectus "the great triumph of the last season at the Royal Italian Opera," which most decidedly it was *not*—will be produced on Thursday, Miss Louisa Pyne and Mr. W. Harrison, of course, sustaining the principal parts. An opera better adapted to display our *prima donna's* brilliant talent to advantage might easily have been found. Like Madame Bosio, Miss Pyne is essentially a *bravura* singer, and to neither the Italian nor the English *cantatrice*—we surmise the latter—is the plain music of *Martha* suited. In our next number, however, we shall be enabled to decide on this point, as far as relates to Miss Louisa Pyne.

Among the novelties promised are an opera by Mr. Balfé, composed to order, and also an original opera, entitled *Rip van Winkle*, "written expressly for the present management by Mr. George Bristow," an American composer of reputation on the other side of the Atlantic. We shall be glad to hear both works. Of Mr. Edward Loder's opera, *Agnes and Raymond*, mentioned some time since in the *Musical World*, as accepted by the management, and of Mr. Frank Mori's new work, also alluded to, the prospectus is silent. As the season extends to thirteen weeks only, we may conclude that it would be found impracticable to get ready more than two new productions.

The performances will conclude nightly with a *ballet diversissement*, for which purpose Mesdles. Morlacchi and Pasquale, from Her Majesty's Theatre, and Madlle. Zilia Michelet, with a *corps de ballet* selected from Her Majesty's Theatre, and M. Petit of the old Opera as ballet-master, are engaged. In fact there appears to be no want of enterprise on the part of the management, and with so much that is good a fair amount of success must be anticipated.

We have not the slightest objection in the world to Mr. Peter Paterson, late comedian of the theatres royal and rural, writing his own life. Nine out of every ten of our acquaintance would rather talk about themselves than about any one else, and we do not see why we should except Mr. Peter Paterson from the general rule. Of his book, we know nothing, for he has not sent us a copy, and we are not sure that we should read it, if he did. Nine out of every ten of our acquaintance, with all their propensity to pour forth their own auto-biographies, would rather do anything than listen to the auto-biographies of their similarly disposed neighbours, and we do not profess to be an exception to the general rule.

However, live and let live. Let Mr. Peter Paterson live his own life, and when he fancies (wrongly we trust) that he is approaching its termination, let him write a book, and tell all about it to those who are willing to read. We have no objection, we repeat. But we do object to articles of this sort, appearing in the *Morning Post*, *à propos* of the confessions of Mr. Peter Paterson:—

"This is, we believe, the veritable history of a strolling player; and its publication, by stripping the profession of the tinsel in which it is generally dressed by the imagination, may save many a foolish youth from wrecking his prospects in life, and even life itself, by donning the sock and buskin in the fallacious hope that he will become one day a theatrical star of the first magnitude. From the confessions before us it is but too clear that the life of a stroller, and almost every great actor has been at one period of his life a stroller, is a life of bitter suffering, deep mortification, occasional starvation, to be avoided only by shifts for which honesty can find no other apology than necessity—ending in utter ruin and degradation. The exceptions are not perhaps one in ten thousand; and of these exceptions many should be regarded like Cook and Edmund Kean, rather as beacons to avoid than lures to enter upon a life of vagabondism, on the very threshold of which self-respect, and too often integrity, must be wholly discarded. The work is well written, and contains a great deal of very amusing anecdotal information. It is to be hoped it may obtain a large circulation, as by baring the skeleton to the gaze of the young theatrical amateur, it may deter him from entering upon a career in which the least evil will be the ruin of all his worldly prospects."

The reasoning of the above brilliant effusion, if reduced into syllogistic form, would stand thus:

Mr. Peter Paterson, having become an actor, did not succeed;

Mr. Thespis Crichton became an actor:

Therefore, Mr. Thespis Crichton did not succeed.

The form contemplated is styled by early logicians "Barbara," but the form attained, may be by analogy termed "Birbara," a wretched word, equally horrible to lovers and to syllogists, but arising from the vicious substitution of a particular for an universal in the major premiss. [Those of our readers who do not understand this paragraph, had better pass on quickly to the next.]

There is no doubt that in the theatrical profession, as in every other, the number of blanks far exceed the number of prizes, and that he who hopes to be chief man of his day, is very likely to be disappointed. But is this passage from hope to disappointment peculiar to the theatrical profession? Surely there are many men who have been called to the bar, and who, after indulging in dreams of the woollack, now sit shivering in wretched attics, which they euphuistically term "chambers," with scarcely any prospect whatever. There are classically educated curates who do the work of a Florence Nightingale in addition to the performance of their ecclesiastical duties, for some fifty pounds. There are industrious tradesmen, who hope to retire to Blackheath, but drop unexpectedly into the *Gazette*. There are stock-jobbers who "waddle" without deserving the ignominy of the "black-board." Besides these, there is a countless mass of persons—the mass in short—who have not had so much as the luxury of a disappointed hope,—who have never had any aspirations at all. Take the whole multitude of the working-classes—the rank and file of the army—the man before the mast in the navy—and after making allowance for a few very rare exceptions—ask, to what will any of them come? Look a little higher—at the clerk-world,—at the men bound to a ledger, recording the fluctuations of property not their own, and struggling to maintain a large family and a decent appearance on the scantiest of salaries. Are we to suppose that among all these there are no Peter Patersons to be found, who, on the evidence of their own experience, could stand as so many warning spectres, and caution people to avoid the bar—the church—the shop—the stock-exchange—the counting-house—and the *atelier*?

Nevertheless, when people deplore the misconduct of some lad, who leaves a previous vocation through a passion for the stage, they generally imagine that he has wantonly leaped from Elysium into Tartarus. If they would only be pleased to consider that in many,—even bad cases—the mistaken individual simply walks from one state of misery into another they would be less profuse in their lamentations.

If Mr. Peter Paterson simply meant to teach us, that every man who comes out as *Hamlet* will not attain the professional and social position of Mr. Charles Kean, we should certainly admit that he intended to diffuse sound doctrine; and if his book sold upon the strength of it, we would write another proving that every old gentleman who wears a pig-tail (like Mr. Selby in his last new and very excellent piece) must not on that account expect to become Emperor of China. But when the *Morning Post*, perched on the shoulders of the aforesaid Paterson, begins to hint that there are no good pickings in the theatrical profession, beside the big plum on the very top of the tree, we begin to look round us, and contemplate what may be called the rank and file of the London companies.

And what do we see? Why, we see a great quantity of very mediocre talent very liberally rewarded. Mind, we are not talking of the famous men, whom friends extol, whom enemies deery, whom critics analyse, but of those who are seen night after night, without creating an emotion, and

rarely become the subject of any comment whatever. Mr. Tiffin Small, who plays secondary gentleman in comedy, and inferior lords in tragedy, would be more prosperous in a pecuniary sense, if his mighty mind were devoted to the columns of a ledger, rather than to the study of a very slight part? How much could be gained by Miss Rosetta Smirk, who smiles so prettily, and whose talent stops at that agreeable achievement, if she doffed the eternal white muslin, and devoted her energies to shirt-making?

We pass over the semi-puritanical tone which pervades the article, and would be more suitable to the columns of the *Record* than to those of the *Morning Post*; but sins against Cocker we cannot leave unnoticed.

THE BIRMINGHAM MUSICAL FESTIVAL.

(From our own Correspondent.)

FRIDAY, Sept. 3.

"*Le Roi est mort!—Vive le Roi!*" Such was the cry in the times of the old French monarchy, when the Bourbons occupied the throne of France, and the fleurs-de-lys fluttered in the wind; when, despite the names of La Belle Vallière, Madame de Montespan, and Madame de Maintenon; of La Du Barry and the Parc-aux-Cerfs, it was believed that kings could do no wrong, though the most staunch royalist must allow they sometimes tried their talents in that line. "*Le Festival est mort! Vive le Festival!*"—yes—the Festival is dead! and many ardent minds are already looking forward to the next. The last strains have died away—the great conductor has vanished—the singers, male and female, having packed up their carpet-bags and corded their portmanteaus, have winged their flight, or are preparing to do so, far away, and Birmingham is left to deplore their loss or pray for their return.

The third and last miscellaneous concert—by the way, the Germans have a proverb: "*Alle gute Dinge sind drei*"—took place yesterday evening. The name of the pieces in the programme was legion. Now I have no doubt the worthy burgesses of Birmingham itself, together with the nobility, gentry, and inhabitants generally of the surrounding parts, were, as they should be, hungering after music. But it has always been held right not to give famishing people too much at one time, and I think this is a maxim which has not always been observed on the present occasion. As I have said—but I will say it again for all that—the name of the pieces in the programme was legion. It would not take me quite so long to go through them as it did take Mr. Brunel to bore under the Thames, or as it will take the Sardinian engineers to bore under the Alps. Still I must decline the task, for varied as my style may be, and, I trust, tolerably readable, I am afraid my account may be sicklied o'er with the pale cast of sameness now and then. But I can assure the courteous reader—I call him "courteous," although my last remarks may have induced him to honour me with the epithet of "vain idiot," or some other designation equally complimentary—I can assure the courteous reader this is no fault of mine. "*Les programmes se suivent et se ressemblent*," which may be interpreted as meaning, in the present case, that some of the compositions have already been discussed, criticised, praised, or condemned in the pages of this journal. I will content myself, therefore, with merely mentioning the most distinguishing features of last night's entertainment, which opened with Mendelssohn's symphony in A minor, but why, I cannot say, unless to show us how it ought not to have been played. "*Varium et variable, musicus*" is a new reading of an old saw, which I take the liberty of suggesting for the especial behoof of the orchestral fraternity. I could hardly believe I was listening to the same performers who had so distinguished themselves on the previous days of the Festival. The less said, however, the soonest mended, and it is to be hoped the future will make reparation for the past.

"Comparisons are odorous" and, therefore, I will draw none. I will simply state that Mr. Costa's serenata, *The Dream*, composed to celebrate the nuptials of the Princess Royal, went as smoothly

as a train on the Great Western. It was executed with a precision perfectly marvellous. The great "hits" were the chorus: "Make the car of a golden king-cup," and the serenade: "Oh! the joy of truly loving!" the latter sung by Mr. Sims Reeves as though he really meant it, and for which he was loudly, enthusiastically, and unanimously encored. The other artists in the serenata were Mad. Clara Novello, Miss Dolby, and Mr. Weiss. This gentleman personated Oberon, King of the Fairies, for whom, under the circumstances, I could not help thinking a good substantial gig would have been a more appropriate vehicle than a golden king-cup. Among the other component portions of Part I, were: "Hai già vinto la causa," from *Le Nozze di Figaro*, Sig. Belletti; "Il mio tesoro," from *Don Juan*, Sig. Tamberlik; and the quintet: "Sento o Dio," from *Costi fan Tutte*, Mad. Viardot, Madlle. Victoire Baffe, Messrs. Weiss, Belletti, and M. Smith. The second part—but no, I must mention one more fact, which is, that "Non più mesta" was sung as only one person I ever heard can sing it. Need I say that person was the entrancing, the inimitable Mad. Alboni?

Now I may resume. The second part contained two overtures, that by Spohr to the *Alchemist* and that to *Euryanthe*, by Carl Maria von Weber. The last was admirably performed by the orchestra. Madame Clara Novello gave Mendelssohn's *scena*, "Infelice," with capital effect; Madame Alboni, Rode's variations with an ease and smoothness which caused an enthusiastic, but evidently non-artistic gentleman next me to say, "it seemed as if she was cutting butter with a knife;" and Madlle. Victoire Baffe, "The last rose of summer," with a winning grace that proved the "last rose" was not the last, but simply the last but one, for she had to sing it again. Indeed, the audience were so pleased that I was afraid they would not be satisfied with one encore, but insist on having a whole bouquet of such roses. Mr. Macfarren, also, contributed a very pleasing ballad, "The Token," sung by Mr. Weiss with the feeling of a true artist. The concert was excellently attended. There were 1,198 persons present, and the receipts amounted to the tidy sum of £688 10s.

The performances this morning consisted of Mendelssohn's *Lauda Sion*, and Beethoven's Mass in C. Both were well executed. There might, perhaps, have been a little more expression, a trifle more attention to the niceties of light and shade, but there was no cause for complaint. Compositions by such masters are ticklish things for conductors, however talented, and orchestras, however practised; their efforts seldom come up to the ideal we have imagined in our own minds, just as, perhaps, no actor ever reached the standard each individual critic has set up of *Hamlet* or of *Lear*. After these *chefs-d'œuvre*, we had Mr. Leslie's cantata, entitled *Judith*. I always experience so hearty a desire to foster the endeavours of any young composer of talent,—and no one will deny that Mr. Leslie has a perfect right to be so considered,—that I prefer making myself better acquainted with the score of *Judith* before I venture to give a final decision as to the precise place it is destined to occupy among the works of the present day. One thing is certain: it is not what the Germans call a *Meisterstück*, though, on the other hand, it is a praiseworthy production, and contains some highly pleasing *morceaux*. The vocal solos were confided to Mesdames Viardot Garcia, Castellan, Messrs. Sims Reeves and Montem Smith, with whom the composer must have been well satisfied. The chorus and orchestra, also, worked with a will. The audience were loud in their applause, and warmly greeted Mr. Leslie, who was his own conductor, both on his appearance in the orchestra, and at the conclusion of the cantata. The proceedings terminated with the national anthem. There were 1,472 persons present, and the receipts amounted to £1,461 2s. 11d.

The Festival concludes with a full-dress ball this evening at the Town Hall.

The produce of the seven performances amounts to £10,000, being about £1,500 less than the sum realised at the Festival of 1855. I have heard some persons indulge in complaints that the inhabitants of the town did not take that interest we might suppose they would take in a Festival not only elevating and delightful in itself, but rendered subservient to that divine

virtue: Charity, which, like Mercy, "blesseth him who gives and him who takes." I think, however, that this apathy on the part of the inhabitants may be, to a great extent, accounted for by the scale of prices. I need not say, after the opinions I expressed in a former letter, I feel convinced that, now-a-days, the great secret of success consists in moderate charges combined with excellence, the one being perfectly compatible with the other. On the whole, however, this year's Festival may be regarded as a great triumph in the cause of two great principles—CHARITY and MUSIC.

THE BIRMINGHAM FESTIVAL.

(From *Aris's Birmingham Gazette*.)

THE enormous receipts at the Festival of 1855 led the public somewhat hastily to infer that a similar degree of financial success would have been attained by the celebration which has just terminated, and because this has not been the case a few persons have expressed some dissatisfaction. A moment's reflection ought to convince those individuals that there is really no ground for lamentation. Of course we, in common with every supporter of these great meetings, regret that the receipts should not have been even much larger than those in 1855, but in reality we never expected that they would reach the sum taken in that year. Three years ago trade was in a most prosperous condition; but since that time the country has passed through a period of almost unexampled depression, the influence of which is still very painfully felt. But even for a prosperous time the returns of 1855 were unusually large, having indeed been exceeded only once since the establishment of the Festivals, namely, in 1834, when the sum received was £13,527. In other years the receipts have fluctuated very considerably. In 1837, the Festival after the great year of 1834, they fell to £11,900, at the next Festival there was a further decrease to 11,600, in 1843 they were only £8,800, in 1846 they advanced to £11,600, in 1849 there was a fall to £10,334, and in 1852 there occurred a sudden leap to £11,600. The receipts at the Festival just over have been £10,800, and there is every probability that before the books are closed £11,000 will have been received. Without taking into account any disturbing influences whatever, we are entitled to consider this result as a decided pecuniary success; but if we allow proper weight to the depression of trade, the recent expenditure on the Queen's visit, and the unaccountable apathy manifested by many of our townsmen, the inevitable deduction is that the Festival has proved satisfactory beyond all calculation. We do not pretend to be able to assign any reasonable cause for the absence of so many residents in Birmingham from the Festival performances, and particularly from the evening concerts—unless, indeed, the state of trade furnishes a sufficient excuse. If there is no other reason for this marked abstinence from attendance, we must say that the fact is highly discreditable to those who have participated in the neglect.

The Festival is conducted, at great cost and with immense labour, for the benefit of our noblest local charity, and those who, having the means of attending, nevertheless abstain from supporting the performances, and at the same time do not contribute to the funds of the charity, seem to us very seriously to neglect the duty that is plainly incumbent upon them—of assisting to the best of their power the sick and maimed amongst their poorer brethren. This is no case of speculative charity—the Hospital cannot do without the help it receives from the Festivals, and every shilling not required for necessary expenses is paid over to the treasurers of the charity. On another ground those who abstain from supporting the Festivals are almost equally to blame. The musical distinction which these meetings have conferred upon Birmingham has made the town famous throughout Europe as the home of the grandest musical celebrations ever witnessed. By national consent the highest place in great musical celebrations has been conferred upon Birmingham, and more than one town, in endeavouring to deprive us of this well-earned honour, has learned to its cost its own weakness, and the inherent strength of the Birmingham

Festivals. Is the good name of Birmingham as nothing in the eyes of Birmingham men? To put the matter on the lowest ground—a ground so low that we are almost ashamed to allude to it at all—as a matter of commercial gain it is the interest of Birmingham people to maintain their Festivals in the highest degree of efficiency, because the more attractive they can be rendered, the greater will be the influx of strangers into the town. That we are not speaking without reason in animadverting thus warmly on the apathy of some of our townsmen will be seen from the following statement, which shows that the falling-off in the receipts, as compared with some previous years, has occurred in connection with the evening concerts:—

		MORNINGS.				1855.				1858.	
Tuesday	£1,889	9 10	£2,485	6 8
Wednesday	1,497	8 8	1,222	18 0
Thursday	2,808	8 0	2,789	5 0
Friday	2,118	2 9	1,360	15 5
						£8,313	9 3			£7,858	5 1
						EVENINGS.					
						1855.				1858.	
Tuesday	£,607	0 0	£641	12 0
Wednesday	1,077	17 0	714	18 0
Thursday	1,422	19 0	688	10 0
						£3,107	16 0			£2,045	0 0
Ball	273	17 0			192	18 0
						£3,801	13 0			£2,237	18 0
Schemes	438	3 0			317	4 0
						£3,791	16 0			£2,555	2 0

The morning performances are supported chiefly by the vice-presidents and the nobility and gentry of the district: the evening concerts and the ball depend mainly upon the townspeople. The former have done their part admirably, and to them the thanks of the friends of the General Hospital are eminently due; but the latter class, of whom more might have been expected than of strangers, have failed to render the customary measure of support. As we said before, we cannot account for this coldness, excepting on the ground of bad trade. In former years the Festivals have encountered powerful opposition from a section of the clergy, but on the present occasion, so far as we know, this hostile influence was very slightly exerted, at least publicly; and we are therefore the more at a loss to divine the reason why the evening concerts were not better attended, particularly as those concerts were far more interesting than they were in 1855.

Whatever may have been the cause of the neglect, our original position remains unassailable. If the deficiency as compared with the previous Festival was brought about by influences other than those attributable to commercial depression, the receipts prove that even without the mass of the Birmingham people a very large return can be obtained; and if, on the other hand, the diminution in the receipts arises simply from the adverse state of local trade, it needs no argument to show that the Festival must have been wonderfully attractive to have produced so gratifying a result, notwithstanding the unfavourable local conditions under which it has been held. We repeat, therefore, that from whatever point of view it may be regarded, the Festival of 1858 has been a financial success. In conformity with our custom, we present in the subjoined table a comparative statement of the receipts at the three last Festivals. We may remark in passing, that a glance at this table will show the fallacy of an opinion which has been expressed—that the diminution in the receipts at last week's Festival would have been much greater but for the unusually large amount of the donations. The inaccuracy of this statement is distinctly shown by the fact that there is scarcely any difference between the donations and collections for 1855 and those of 1858, the amount received in the former year at the morning performances having been £1,475 6s. 9d., against £1,506 6s. 11d. in the latter.

	1852.			1855.			1858.		
	£	s.	d.	£	s.	d.	£	s.	d.
Tuesday Morning	2,304	11	1	1,889	9	10	2,485	6	8
" Evening	442	12	0	607	0	0	641	12	0
Wednesday Morning	1,644	16	5	1,497	8	8	1,222	18	0
" Evening	869	18	0	1,077	17	0	714	18	0
Thursday Morning	2,751	1	5	2,808	8	0	2,789	5	0
" Evening	992	0	0	1,422	19	0	688	10	0
Friday Morning	1,663	10	4	2,118	2	9	1,360	15	5
Five-Guinea Tickets... ..	89	5	0	115	10	0	84	0	0
Ball	270	12	0	273	17	0	192	18	0
Schemes	365	0	0	410	3	0	317	4	0
Donation received after the Festival	297	0	7	524	7	8	305	10	0
TOTALS	11,690	6	10	12,745	2	11	10,802	17	1

GLOUCESTER IN RE HEREFORD.

(From the Gloucester Chronicle.)

A STRANGER upon the point of visiting Herefordshire thought it right before setting out upon his journey to get together all the information he could with respect to its climate, its land, its productions, and the habits of its natives. Upon consulting the *Gazetteer* he found the air to be salubrious, the soil either stiff clay or light sand, hops cultivated to a large extent, orchards in every aspect and on every soil; but what struck him most in the catalogue of excellencies and peculiarities was the announcement of the extreme longevity of its inhabitants. Every parish seemed to rejoice in its centenarian, and none who escaped measles, small-pox, and hooping-cough, thought of dying before eighty. This singular fact puzzled him; how was he to account for it? Was it something peculiar in the climate, in the water, in the earth, or some wonderful organisation of the human frame. He carried this interesting problem with him by railway into the county, with a fixed determination to solve it before he left; but when he came in contact with Herefordshire society he immediately saw through the mystery. "What wonder," said he to himself, "that these people should live so long in a fat and luxuriant land when there is among them so little tear and wear of the body by the friction of the mind!"

Never was a fairer specimen of this Boeotian crassitude displayed than on the occasion of the late music meeting; if the more lively and elastic spirits of the county had not bestirred themselves to save its honour and its reputation by exerting themselves far and near to avert the certainty of a miserable failure, to Hereford would have belonged the ignominious fame of having put a stop to the meeting of the Three Choirs, after a reunion annually for nearly a century and a half. As it was, indeed, true to their traditional inertness, the Herefordshire people seem to have had great difficulty in keeping awake; a dull leaden torpor invaded the Cathedral, the County Hall, and the fingers which held the purse-strings; neither grave nor gay, neither the grand nor the solemn, neither the eloquent appeal from the pulpit, nor the still more eloquent eyes of those ladies, who, "with pity's dewy glance," beseeched aid for widows and orphans, could touch the sensibilities, much less rouse to enthusiasm, the aggregate mass of Herefordshire worthies.

"But after all, it may be believed, if the Herefordshire people had been left to themselves things would have gone smoothly and perhaps successfully. They were, however, not left to themselves, but an under-current has been at work to sap the foundations of the Triennial Meetings; the old reasons, or rather prejudices, have been paraded against their continuance; for instance, either that the cathedral is a place too holy for the most solemn passages of scripture to be musically recited within its walls, or that the excitement of the concert-room trends too hastily upon the heels of the morning's sacred employment; or that it is inexpedient to bring into the mother church of the diocese strange singing men and singing women; or that the principle is wrong to exact alms from the widows and orphans of the clergy

by means which may be open to exception, or which, at any rate, cannot be said to flow from a pure unmixed fountain of Christian benevolence. Strange to say, too, these scruples have been revived and disseminated under the auspices of the Dean and other influential clergy; nay, so vehement and assiduous is the attack, that although the blow has not prostrated the victim entirely, it has yet struck into the vitals, and on the next occasion it is anticipated the "Meeting of the Three Choirs" will quiver in its death-throe at Hereford, under the auspices of the Dean and his colleagues.

The real question is this: What is to become of the charity? How are three hundred pounds to be raised for the families of the poor clergy in each diocese every year if these meetings are extinguished? The opposition has not risen from the poor clergy, but from the rich, from those who are placed in high position and dowered with large incomes. The Dean and his friends may be conscientious in their scruples, and they have a right to their opinions, but it is quite another thing to undermine the props of an ancient and beneficent charity, avowedly with all the weight of authority, influence, and example, without showing us first of all what substitute they are prepared to offer. This conduct is both unjust and ungenerous. While they sleep on soft beds, let them not tear the hard mattress from under the widows and orphans of their poor brethren, and leave them upon the bare floor. Before they shut the Cathedral doors, let them tell us where the £900 or £1000 are to be raised, by what means, and by what machinery? These transactions, and the remarks, caustic and satirical, but richly earned, which have appeared in the journals of the day, will serve to rouse the spirit of Gloucestershire; we are confident no exertions will be spared to make the meeting of 1859 at Gloucester a brilliant contrast to that of 1858 at Hereford.

THE HEREFORD FESTIVAL.—(From the Constitutional Press).—

The 135th anniversary of the Festival has, I am sorry to say, proved a failure in a pecuniary point of view, though to the visitors—who don't appear to be much distressed at the pecuniary liabilities of the stewards—the beautiful weather, the romantic scenery of the city and neighbourhood, and the pleasure of meeting country friends from all parts, to say nothing of the musical performances—have been sources of unmixed delight. It is painful to hear rumours current among all classes that the neglect of the cathedral chapter to support the Festival, and the indifference evinced towards it by the country gentlemen, may very probably lead to the dissociation of Hereford from the two other cities in which the Festival is held. The Bishop of Hereford, much to his credit, is understood to be warmly in favour of the continuance of the Festival, and has remained in the episcopal residence to receive a very large company, and to do, —almost alone, as far as the clergy are concerned—the honours of his cathedral city. As for the Dean, Mr. Dawes is known to be violently hostile to the meeting of the choirs in his cathedral. He coolly absented himself from the city during its continuance, and a strange rumour asserts that he took the key of the choir with him, so that visitors might be balked of one portion, at least, of their anticipated pleasure. Mr. Dawes is, I need not add, a Liberal and rank Erastian, one of dear Lord John's protégés, and a clergyman with no more churchmanship about him than Dean Close. Archdeacon Freer has also left the city in consequence of the Festival; not from any objection to it on principle, but because he has, it is said, taken offence at some of the arrangements. Lord Saye and Sele, one of the canons, is generally the leading promoter of the Festival; but he, too, is absent from some cause unknown to me. But the most singular thing is, the absence of the eminent precentor, no less a person than the Rev. Sir F. A. Gore Ouseley, Bart., who, one would have supposed, would have been the hero of the Festival, a musical lion highly acceptable in ecclesiastical as well as fashionable circles. Where is he? every one asks. I heard that he was sulking at Tenbury, because he didn't want his anthem to be performed on Tuesday! The whole arrangements have been, therefore, left to Mr. George Townshend Smith, organist of the cathedral, who

has had to overcome prejudices, to heal jealousies, and, after the toleration of the "abominable Festival" had been "conceded" by the dignitaries, to bear the whole trouble of the musical and financial transactions. How differently they manage matters at Worcester I can speak from a most pleasant experience of last year. The Bishop patronising the Festival—the Dean heading its supporters in the most active and energetic manner—all the canons glad to have an opportunity of showing off their cathedral to the best purpose, and of exhibiting their profuse hospitality to their visitors—several country and city clergy aiding in the arrangements—daily service in the choir of the cathedral—pleasant parties in the Chapter House at the close of the day,—these have been more agreeable reminiscences, Mr. Editor, than I shall take with me from Hereford, with its "rubbish-littered" churchyard, its cathedral given up to masons, its "recusant" Dean and "malignant" Chapter, and, by consequence, its diminished number of attendants at the Festival. With the difficulties before him, Mr. Smith's success has surprised me. Nothing but genuine enthusiasm, undaunted courage, and unflagging zeal could have enabled him to overcome the hostility of blockheads and the indifference of stupid creatures, and to perfect, single-handed, all the business transactions of the Festival.

HEREFORD.—By way of conclusion to the record of the Festival doings, we may mention that at the meeting of the stewards on Saturday last, a statement of the accounts was read by the conductor, Mr. Townshend Smith, from which it appears that notwithstanding the fears entertained of the financial results of the Meeting, the adverse balance was not a hundred pounds more than that of the year 1855. At the same meeting fourteen gentlemen consented to act as stewards for the next meeting, 1861; and a confident anticipation was indulged that the list of twenty-five would be completed by the end of this week; many gentlemen interested in the continuance of the Festivals having signified their willingness to co-operate to that end, though they had not given positive authority to use their names. But a suggestion was thrown out, which we take the liberty of at once endorsing very cordially, that to secure the future stewards from greater individual responsibility than £25 each, a guarantee fund should be provided by the city. We feel confident that an arrangement so reasonable will at once meet the concurrence of the "Town and trade of Hereford." With regard to the collections for the Charity, we are happy to be able to add that the meeting has been a propitious one. In addition to the sums announced in our last, donations have been received which have swelled the total amount beyond the receipts of the last Festival. The detraction and disability under which the promoters had been so undeservedly labouring, put it into the heart of a generous and benevolent lady, Miss Wolferston of Tamworth, to send the splendid donation of £100 to the Charity funds. The interest of the "Worcester Fund" brought another £60 into the collecting-plate. In addition to this, other handsome contributions have been received by the treasurer, and we learn on enquiry to-day (Tuesday), that the gross amount credited to the use of the Charity is now £980 17s. 4d. It only remains to be added that the stewards, before separating, made fitting acknowledgment, in the way of formal "thanks," of their obligation to the Lord Bishop of Hereford, for his cordial co-operation, and to their chairman, the Rev. John Hopton, for his attendance to his duties. A resolution was also unanimously passed "That the thanks of the stewards be given to Mr. Townshend Smith for his indefatigable exertions in making the necessary arrangements for the Festival, and bringing it to a successful issue."—*Hereford Journal*.

HEREFORD MUSICAL FESTIVAL.—The collection for the charity is one of the largest ever known, it amounts to £1000 17s. 4d.; and as contributions are still coming in, hopes are entertained that when the account is made up, a great addition will be made to the sum now announced. The list of Stewards for 1861 will be published as soon as complete, it is filling rapidly. At the recent meeting of stewards, thanks were voted to the Bishop, Chairman, and Conductor.

(Communicated.)

THE LEEDS MUSICAL FESTIVAL.

LEEDS, Sept. 8th.

HAD Diogenes, with his proverbial lantern, visited Leeds during the last few days, I believe, from what I know of the inhabitants, he would have found an honest man a great deal sooner than a comfortable lodging, supposing, of course, that, as he came out to enjoy himself, he would not have been contented with his usual tub. The town is crammed to suffocation, for it must be remembered, not only is this the first grand Musical Festival held here, but Her Majesty yesterday opened the magnificent Town Hall in which the Festival takes place. Of the Royal lady's reception, of the frantic enthusiasm of the countless Leedites and others who lined the streets, the windows, the roofs, and every point from which a view could be caught of the procession; of the triumphal arches, the illuminations, and the transparencies, I shall say nothing, as detailed accounts of all these tokens of the loyal feelings entertained by the people of Leeds towards their gracious Sovereign, will, ere this appears in print, have been circulated throughout the country from the Land's End to John o'Groat's. There is only one fact connected with this grand demonstration of free men to a constitutional queen which falls more especially within my province, and which, therefore, I am bound to mention more particularly. I allude to the vocal welcome given by the charity children as their Queen passed Woodhouse Green. Nearly 27,000 of these little creatures were located on two immense platforms, one on each side the route pursued by the royal carriage. In order to ensure uniformity with such immense numbers, the musical conductor was assisted by signal-men, provided with boards bearing various inscriptions, such as: "Prepare to cheer," "Sing," etc. At last, after the poor little things had patiently waited for some hours, the royal procession approached, and the signal-boards with the words: "Prepare to cheer!" were hoisted above their tiny heads. A few minutes afterwards, such a cheer, or series of cheers, burst out, re-echoed by the shouts of the older spectators who thronged around, that a person must have been devoid of every spark of feeling not to have been deeply moved. Hush! the conductor waves his wand, and the same little voices unite in the National Anthem. Whoever heard the sublime effect of the words: "God save the Queen," thus pealed forth, must have felt proud of being an Englishman, if he was one, or, if a foreigner, must have wished he were. Happy the Sovereign thus spontaneously and affectionately greeted. Not all the despots of the earth, with all their armies, spies, dungeons and scaffolds united, could command such a tribute. At Her Majesty's command, her carriage stopped until the conclusion of the anthem. Her Majesty is more than a queen—she is a good and fond mother, and it will be long ere she will forget the grand, impressive, thrilling sensation produced by the little choristers on Woodhouse Moor. I forgot to mention that the children were of every religion. Was not their common greeting to their Queen calculated to convey a deep and lasting lesson to their young minds? Was it not calculated to make them remember—and will it not, perhaps, do so—in after life, that, though differing in creed, Protestant, Dissenter, and Roman Catholic, may all be united by a bond of love?

I have seen the New Hall. It is a most magnificent edifice. Of course, I shall not be expected to give a detailed and architectural description of it. For that, your readers must search *The Builder*. I may mention, however, that it does the greatest credit to the architect, Mr. Brodric, and the corporation of the town, who enabled him to realise so artistic and vast a design. The Grand Hall is 161 feet long, 72 feet wide, and 75 feet high. At the north end is the new and splendid-looking organ, built expressly for the Hall by Messrs. Gray and Davison. It was designed by Messrs. Henry Smart and W. Spark, and erected at the expense of the corporation of Leeds. The case is from the designs of Mr. Brodric, the architect of the building, and, consequently, in strict keeping with the latter. There are no galleries, if I except a small one over the end opposite the organ, a circumstance which greatly tends to lend an appearance of space and grandeur to the Hall. I am glad to say that, as far as the short experience of this morning goes, its acoustic properties are highly satisfactory.

The work selected to inaugurate this fine building was worthy of the occasion, being no less a composition than *Elijah*, and the manner in which it was executed was worthy of the work, as well as of the conductor, Professor Bennett. Every blossom of hope fostered by the appointment of this gentleman, has borne the fruit of accomplishment. I never listened to a more artistic, faithful, and comprehensive performance of this masterpiece. One great feature was the *tempo*, much slower than that generally adopted, and much more in keeping with the intentions of the gifted composer. The performance of the overture was a perfect gem, for which the gentlemen of the orchestra deserve the strongest eulogiums. All the principal singers, too, including Mad. Clara Novello, Mad. Weiss, Misses Palmer, Helena Walker, Crosland, Freeman, Messrs. Sims Reeves, Weiss, Santley, Winn, Inkersall, and Hinchcliffe, as well as the members of the chorus, tried their best, and succeeded, to prove themselves qualified for the heavy responsibility thrown upon them. Indeed, the performance was one perfect whole from beginning to end. The audience, who showed their taste by abstaining from encores, were most enthusiastic, and rewarded the artists with thunders of applause, most richly merited. Professor Bennett, also—who, by the way, is a Yorkshireman, claiming Sheffield for his birthplace—was most warmly greeted on making his appearance in the orchestra. Mr. W. Spark presided at the organ. There were 1,800 persons present.

THURSDAY, Sept. 9th.

The first miscellaneous concert last night was as successful as the oratorio had been in the morning. It opened with Mozart's symphony in C major, which was, on the whole, satisfactorily given, though, perhaps, not quite so well as could have been desired. This was followed by—Air, "Dove Sono," Madame Weiss—Mozart; Aria, Mr. Santley—Rossini; Part songs—H. Smart and J. L. Hatton; Variazioni, Madame Alboni—Rode; Violin solo, M. Sainton—Sainton; Scena, "Robert, toi que j'aime," Madame C. Novello—Meyerbeer; Duet, "Morte o colpa," Miss Palmer and Mr. Santley—Donizetti; Scena, "O, 'tis a glorious sight," Mr. Sims Reeves—Weber; Pianoforte concerto, G minor, Miss A. Goddard—Mendelssohn. All the artists sang well and were liberally applauded, especially Mad. Alboni in Rode's well-known "Variazioni." One of the greatest treats of this part of the programme, however, was Miss Arabella Goddard's rendering of Mendelssohn's concerto. Never did this young and talented lady play with greater feeling and expression. Never did she play with greater technical skill—*Tingertingkeit*, as our German friends have it. She evidently wished to prove to a Leeds audience that she deserved the praises invariably accorded to her by those critics who have heard her, praises which those who have not experienced that pleasure, might, perhaps, fancy were exaggerated. And she succeeded. There was but one opinion when she quitted the piano, and that opinion was that Miss Arabella Goddard is the greatest of living pianists, both as regards deep and feeling appreciation, and wonderful manual dexterity, the latter being always made subservient by her to the former, and not employed, as is so frequently the case, merely to gratify the player's own vanity.

The great source of attraction, however, yesterday evening, was a new "Pastoral," entitled the *May Queen*, composed by Professor Bennett himself, the text, or *libretto*, being furnished by Mr. H. F. Chorley, who has performed his task in a very pleasing manner.

The story is founded on a quality destined to last "not for an age, but for all time," namely, woman's coquetry. The period of the action is May-day in the good old times. The May-queen has been long wooed by a fond and constant swain, but, like a great many others of her sex—"Bien fou qui s'y fie," as Francis the First said—has a natural taste for a little bit of flirtation. This taste she indulges with a forester called Robin Hood, who, resolving to make the best of the occasion, endeavours to embrace her. This, of course, excites the ire of her old lover, who formulates his indignation in the shape of a blow administered to his enterprising rival. As this *argumentum ad hominem* is propounded on the royal domain, the unhappy young man has rendered himself liable to have his hand chopped off. When

affairs are in this unpleasant posture, the Queen herself arrives, and, having learnt the true state of the case, and found that the offender was fully justified in what he has done, remits the penalty, with an injunction to the erring fair one to be faithful to her old love and turn a deaf ear to Robin Hood, who, after all, is not a bold forester, but a noble attached to the court, who has assumed his rustic disguise for purposes best known to himself, but which we are all, probably, able to guess.

The various rôles were distributed as follows:—May Queen, Mad. Novello; Queen, Miss Dolby; Lover, Mr. Sims Reeves; Captain of the Foresters (as Robin Hood), Mr. Weiss.

Professor Bennett's music to this agreeable little plot is most charming—simple, unaffected, and excellent. The overture, which, by the way, is not new, being known, some years back, under the title of *Marie du Bois*, to lovers of music, is fresh and captivating. Indeed, the whole work breathes an aroma of the pure, fragrant forest-glade, green leaves, and blossoming May. It breathes, also, the true Mendelssohnian perfume, which there is no mistaking. Not that I would, for a single moment, be supposed to hint there is the slightest attempt at plagiarism. A man of Professor Bennett's powers is incapable of this vice. What I mean is, that the music, while being perfectly original, is the production of one who has evidently studied Mendelssohn, profoundly and reverentially, and learnt his language, nothing more, just as the admirer of Cervantes and Lope de Vega might acquire Spanish, and write in that idiom, without copying a single thought from those great masters. Among the pieces especially deserving commendation are: the opening chorus, "Wake with a smile, O month of May," the air, "O, meadow clad in early green," a semi-chorus, "O melancholy plight," the song, "With the carol in the tree," and the ballad, "Tis jolly to hunt in the bright moonlight." These are succeeded by the *finale*, which worthily crowns the whole. The execution of the work did not satisfy me. There were defects which ought not to have existed, and which might have been remedied, I am inclined to think, by greater care and more rehearsals. The audience, however, were delighted, and overwhelmed the composer with sincere and rapturous applause. After the "Pastoral" we had the "Tyrolienne," from *Beiley*, magnificently sung, of course, by Mad. Alboni; Bishop's "Orynthen," well given by Mr. Wilbye Cooper, and the overture to Dr. Spohr's *Jessonda*. Nearly 1,800 persons were present, and there can be little doubt that, if things continue to pursue the satisfactory course they have hitherto taken, the Festival will greatly benefit the Leeds General Infirmary, to which the money accruing from it will be devoted. The Hall was lighted by ten magnificent cut glass chandeliers, made expressly by Osler for it, and presented a truly splendid appearance. I must add, in justice to the audience, that they were as well-behaved as they were well-dressed, and paid due attention to the following sensible notice distributed among them:

"LEEDS MUSICAL HALL.

"The committee earnestly request that no audible expression of applause may interrupt the performance of the oratorios or other continuous works; and that no encores may be called at the evening concerts, in order that parties residing at a distance may be enabled to avail themselves of the arrangements made with the several railway companies for special trains at the conclusion of each day's performance."

This morning, the performances consisted of Rossini's *Stabat Mater*, a selection from John Sebastian Bach's *Grosse Passions-Musik*, and Beethoven's *Mount of Olives*. The hall was crammed, but of this more next week.

DRAMATIC INTELLIGENCE.—The Haymarket re-opened for the winter season, or seasons, as it may be, on Monday evening. The interior has been renovated and part painted, and a new drop-scene supplied by Mr. William Calcott, which gives an excellent representation of Thespis in his car. The house now, indeed, wears a brilliant and elegant aspect, as becomes the home of legitimate comedy. The performances commenced with Murphy's sprightly comedy of *The Way to Keep Him*, Mrs. Catherine Sinclair sustaining the character of the Widow Belmour, in which Mrs. Charles Young appeared on the closing night

of last season. Mr. Buckstone, of course, was the Sir Bashful Constant. The comedy was followed by a new Spanish ballet of action, the never-tiring Madame Perea Nena achieving her customary success in some of her exciting national *pas*. The concluding pieces were *A Wicked Wife*, and Mr. Buckstone's farce, *A Kiss in the Dark*. A new and original comedy, in three acts, by Mr. Bayle Bernard, is announced.—At the Strand Theatre Mr. Charles Selby has appeared in a piece of his own, called *The Last of the Pigtales*, as absurd and incoherent a concoction as even he has penned, but which appears to amuse the cachinnatory and easily satisfied audiences, who attend there.—Mr. Falconer's new drama, *Extremes*; or, *the Men of the Day*, is running by no means a prosperous career at the Lyceum. Mrs. Alfred Mellon (late Miss Woolgar) is engaged, and will appear on Monday. This lady will be a great acquisition to the company.

MAPLESON AND Co., musical agents, 12, Haymarket, have negotiated the following engagements:—Mad. Rudersdorff, Miss Emma Haywood, Mr. Wilbye Cooper, Mr. Thomas, Mr. Hausmann, M. Kettenus, Mr. Jennings, Mr. Hooper, &c., for the Festival at Newcastle-on-Tyne. Mad. Rudersdorff, Miss Palmer, Mr. George Perren, Mr. Thomas, M. Randegger, and Herr Molique, for Glasgow, Doncaster, &c., &c. Mr. Miranda, New York. Sig. Chierici, Mr. St. Albyn, Sig. Gabussi and Mad. Chierici, Italian Opéra at Paris. Mad. Rudersdorff, Margate. Sig. Dinelli, for Teatro St. Carlo, Lisbon. Mad. Albani and Mad. Vaneri, for Royal Surrey Gardens. Mr. Charles Braham, Mad. Poma, Mr. Allan Irving, Mad. Vaneri, and Sig. Bucalossi, for Liverpool. Mad. Albani, Mad. Vaneri, and Sig. Belletti, for Manchester. Madlle. Morlacchi, Madlle. Pasquale, and Mad. Brown, for Pyne and Harrison, Drury Lane. Sig. Picco, for Liverpool and Manchester. Mr. Charles Braham, Mad. Corelli, Mad. Vaneri, and Mr. Allan Irving, for Manchester. Sig. Delavanti and family, for Drury Lane. Mad. Poma, for Liverpool. Sig. Mercuriali, for Teatro St. Carlo, Lisbon. Mr. Charles Braham, for Glasgow.

THE DEAN OF CARLISLE AND THE REV. PRECENTOR LIVINGSTON. —On Tuesday morning the Bishop of Carlisle, assisted by Dr. Travers Twiss, Chancellor of the diocese of London, and the Rev. C. J. Burton, Chancellor of the diocese of Carlisle, as assessors, held a Court in the Chapter-house for the purpose of hearing an appeal of the Rev. T. G. Livingston, minor canon and precentor, arising out of a dispute which at the time created much interest in the public mind. Mr. Edwin James, Q.C., and Mr. Lawrie appeared for the Dean and Chapter. Mr. Temple, Q.C., represented Mr. Livingston, the defendant. Several questions were discussed as to the powers of the Court and the nature of the evidence permitted to be offered, and which was very voluminous. The nominal point at issue, and which the Bishop had to try, was the right to prescribe the selection of music to be used in the cathedral service. Mr. Livingston claimed this right under a clause which gives the precentor the command of the minor canons, clerks, and choristers—"Quidquid ille legendum aut canendum præscripserit prompto parere debent." It was for the Bishop, as visitor, to decide whether the general authority of the Dean does not override this limited jurisdiction. The facts are these:—A draught of a selection of music for the fifth Sunday in Lent was handed to Mr. Livingston by the organist, containing an anthem from *The Messiah* to which he entertained objections. He forwarded the draught to the Dean and Canons, with a marginal note objecting to the anthem, but not suggesting any substitute, and received it back again, with a memorandum from the Dean dissenting from the objection. The precentor next addressed to the Dean a letter, asking him to reconsider his judgment, but on the following day being applied to in the usual course to furnish the customary list of the next Sunday's music, he without waiting for the Dean's answer, wrote and exhibited lists altered in conformity with his own opinions. Upon this an angry correspondence took place. The Dean prohibited Mr. Livingston from having anything further to do with the singing lists, and eventually suspended him from his office. The disputed anthem was restored to its place in the list, the Dean's name being appended to it as an authority, and that of Precentor Livingston struck out. Upon this Mr. Livingston wrote and circulated certain charges against the Dean which he vainly endeavoured to induce the Chapter

to receive. The Dean then pronounced formal sentence upon him, a course in which he was supported by the canons residentiary of the cathedral. Against this decision Mr. Livingston appealed to the visitor. Mr. Temple opened the case, and stated the facts set out in the appellant's petition, and these, so far as they went, were not disputed. Mr. James, on behalf of the Dean and Chapter, contended that the grounds of Mr. Livingston's dismissal were not solely those alleged in the document purporting to dismiss him, and entered into a long statement, and read many letters endeavouring to show that the rev. precentor had been wilfully contumacious and disrespectful to his superiors since his appointment in 1855. At the conclusion of the learned counsel's speech the Court adjourned until Wednesday, when Mr. James announced his intention of examining the Dean and Canons and the organist. There is a strong feeling in Carlisle in reference to this subject, the capitular body having been for some time past very unpopular with the people of the old cathedral city.—*Times*.

PACINI VIEWED THROUGH A YANKEE MAGNIFIER.

(From a Letter addressed to "Dwight's Journal" of Music.)

"It is now no news to inform you that our opera season is over, that the time of Italian singing birds is gone, and the voice of that operatic turtle, Brignoli, is no more heard in the land. The season was short, and disastrous to those pecuniarily interested, while to that part of the public which could stand such preternatural hot weather it was productive of great enjoyment. Yet it must be said that the public did not exhibit such a noble, salamander-like disregard of heat as to attend in any great numbers; the dead-heads however—those musical Shadrachs, Meshachs, and Abednegos, who can endure the caloric of any fiery furnace whatever—were present in large forces and white coats, and fanned themselves with palm-leaf fans and fortitude. It was my intention to write you an eighteen-pager about the new opera *Sappho*, but acting upon my great golden rule: 'Never do to-day what you can put off till to-morrow,' I procrastinated until my eyes were gladdened by an able description thereof in your journal, taken from the columns of the *Sunday Atlas*. This description will satisfy your readers better than anything I can give.

"*Sappho* is a really great opera, and why its composer is not more generally known here I cannot comprehend. His works—those at least that I have heard—are replete with luscious melody, and remarkably excellent instrumentation. Verdi, Bellini, and Donizetti, sound thin and water-gruelly after listening to one of Pacini's operas; at the same time I do not see that he bears any marked resemblance to Rossini, as some critics aver. His chorus writing is rich and full, and many of the choruses in *Sappho* remind one of those in *Semiramide*, while the favourite duet for soprano and alto in the former opera undoubtedly resembles the 'Giorno d'orrore' of the latter. Yet as a general thing I cannot see that Pacini's music is any more like Rossini's than Donizetti's, Verdi's, or Bellini's. The only reason one can think so, is because Rossini and Pacini are both much greater composers than the three others mentioned.

"Last winter I saw Signor Pacini at Florence. The *Teatro Paliano* was crowded to excess to witness the first production of an opera new to the Florentine public—*Elisa Velasco*. It was gloriously performed and most enthusiastically received. After the grand finale of the third act, the house resounded with loud cries for Pacini, and soon the composer appeared, led out in triumph by Carlotta Zucchi, the prima donna, and Cresci, the baritone. He is a rather elderly man, thin and gentlemanly, and nervous. He bowed a few times and walked very awkwardly across the stage, treading on the prima donna's dress and the tenor's toes. The whole audience rose to their feet as he passed before them, and made the building re-echo with their cries of 'Bravo! Bravissimo!' There was no speechifying and none expected; the public seemed naturally enough to think that Pacini, the musician, had said all he had to say in the music of the opera, and for that music-speech he now received their heart-felt applause. There seems to be a difference on this point between the custom here and in Italy. Our American

public, when they call out a composer, do so not that they may thank him for the pleasure he has given them, but they may give him the honour of thanking them for allowing him to try to please. This great and mighty public is condescending. It applauds the good composer, and then expects him to come to the foot-lights and bow, and put his hand on his heart, and say that it is the happiest moment of his life, and that he only hopes and prays and asks that the favour extended to him may be a propitious augury of the spread of art in this great and glorious country. That is how they do in America. But in Italy, the composer is called out to receive a simple, child-like, grateful ovation. The people wish to thank him, and do not expect that he shall thank them.

"The success of *Sappho* will, I think, induce other managers to bring out works of Pacini, and it is very likely he will take in public favour the place now occupied by Verdi—for, say what you will, Verdi is now the greatest favourite with the opera-going public, from New Orleans or Mexico to Boston or Valparaiso. There is no reason why this change in public opinion should not take place. Pacini is a greater composer than Verdi. He has nearly as great a flow of melody, while in his chorus writing and orchestration he is vastly superior. I hope he will live to hear, in his Florentine home, of the success of his works here, for he certainly deserves the gratification which honest appreciation always bestows on the musician. Rossini at Paris, Pacini at Florence—the author of *Tell*, and the author of *Sappho*! they appreciate each other and are warm personal friends. The composer who has his home upon the Seine, has long been admired here, and now it is the turn for him who dwells upon the Arno, to meet a like appreciation.

"So, with this long sentence, I shall wind up and make my bow, like the infant Phenomenon, standing on my head amid a blaze of fire-works. Curtain falls."

New York.

TROVATORE.

PARIS.—On dit, the Prince Poniatowski has just finished an opera intended for the Académie Impériale de Musique et de Danse. M. Roger's benefit at the Opéra was a bumper. Many were attracted as much by curiosity as by any other motive. Madame Ugalde sustained the part of Leonora in the *Trovatore* for the first time, and as the fair artist had undertaken to learn the music in eight hours, and as the character was entirely antagonistic to her powers and talents, her friends and admirers were anxious to see how she could get over the difficulties. Madlle. Demerit-Lablache appeared as Azucena, and obtained the favour of the French journals, who descant lavishly on those qualities in which the lady was eminently deficient when she made her *début* at the Royal Italian Opera. Of course Roger is praised to the skies in *Manrico*, while M. Bonnehé, of course, is magnificent as the Count di Luna. Wonderful capital! where everything musical, if French, is perfect, pure, and transcendent! Miss Thompson, the young English vocalist who carried off the first prize at the late examination of the Conservatoire, has been engaged for the Grand-Opéra, and will make her *début* as Mathilde in *Guillaume Tell* on the occasion of the *rentrée* of M. Gueymard on the 1st of October—that is, if the same influence be not exerted against her as was made use of against Miss Birch some years ago—which must be fresh in the recollection of our readers. Miss Thompson, however, appears "with a difference" on the French stage. Miss Birch was taught in England, where, of course, they know nothing of singing. Miss Thompson, on the other hand, is a real pupil of the Conservatoire. It is curious to perceive how the Parisian press glorifies M. Révial, the master, and says little of Miss Thompson, the scholar; as if teaching—French teaching—was everything, and genius, intellect, powers, accomplishments, energy, application, resolve, and bias, nothing. This is the invariable mode of criticising in the most polite capital in Europe.—Madame Lorini-Vera has signed an engagement with Mr. Lumley for Her Majesty's Theatre for 1859.

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